

Where is
Mrs. Smith?
Read George R. Sims's Interesting
Story To-Day in
The Evening World

PRICE ONE CENT.

EXTRA

2 O'CLOCK.

SCARCE ABATED.

Another Day's Tale of the Cyclone's
Ravages.

Disaster and Suffering at Stricken
Atlantic City.

Famine Impending Over Its Thousands
of Inhabitants.

At Coney Island Alone the Storm
Seems to Have Spent
Its Fury.

SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.
PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 12.—The 20,000 people, residents and guests, at Atlantic City, are prisoners of the elements, and there is added to the awful terrors of flood and hurricane considerable suffering from lack of provisions.

The pampered children of fashion who have been enjoying the hospitality of the city during the heated term are glad to get enough of the plainest fare to allay their appetites to-day.

For forty-eight hours communication with the mainland had been out of the question, and but for the fact that Atlantic avenue and the centre of the town is on a considerable elevation of ground there might be a loss of life even more appalling than that at the Johnston disaster.

THEIR FOOD FLOUR AND WATER.
There is no milk, no vegetables, no fresh meat. There is flour in plenty and water, salt water, everywhere.

The imprisoned summerers and the people of this beleaguered town are looking into the stern face of famine. They will be reduced to a bread-and-water diet if the storm does not cease pretty soon, and the situation which was ludicrous two days ago has become very serious.

ISOLATED FROM THE WORLD.
No trains can leave the flooded city, for the tracks across the meadows are now at the bottom of a surging sea, and the reporters, who set out with four other young men at 11 o'clock yesterday morning, did not reach Pleasantville, seven miles distant, till 3.30 in the afternoon.

WIRES DOWN TOO.
Wires are down and communication with the outside world cut off even here. The trip was a memorable one, including about as much swimming as walking, but at Pleasantville a special canoe was obtained and the party reached Philadelphia in short order.

HOTEL GUESTS PRISONERS.
The great tides of Monday and the continually increasing storm has completely submerged the ocean fronts. The beach houses are full of water and the inhabitants and guests have found refuge in the houses and hotels on the middle and higher ground, though there is water on the first floors even here.

The water has torn up the board walks and overturned the pavilions along the beach avenues. It uprooted foundation pilings, and cast bathing houses, restaurants and other structures into confused masses of debris.

The houses on Baltic and Arctic avenues were inundated and the people fled to the upper floors, from which they afterwards escaped in boats and wagons.

THE INLET UNDER WATER.
The inlet district is flooded and houses are completely submerged or overturned, while the fleet of yachts and small boats moored there have been reduced to wrecks.

Great egg harp on the one side of Long Point and the mighty ocean on the other came up together and smashed the handwork of man between.

An attempt was made to reach the mainland with a railway train, the clamor having been so great and fierce that the railroad men submitted against their better judgment.

A train was got half way across the meadow in from one to four feet of water when the engine was drowned out, and after some hours of terror, while a signal was sent back for help, the train was rescued and pulled back to the Camden depot and the passengers again took refuge in the hotel.

Beams' pavilion and other structures costing at least \$50,000 were wrecked.

NEW BUILDINGS BLOWN DOWN.
From Michigan avenue to Chelsea not a beach structure withstood the attack of the sea. The Fortescue and Griffith's merry-go-rounds, Dore's, Gurnea's and Bowler's concert hall, Lee's, Topham's, Wilson's and Murphy's baths and other buildings went down.

Lee's Ocean Terrace, below Texas avenue, has no building left, and the terror-stricken women and children were rescued by boat with the utmost difficulty, and to add to the horror of the scene, the rescued people in the Mauston House were washed at midnight by a deluge of fire, and rushed out to see the wrecked buildings which they had just left.

THE STEAMER ASHORE.
Late Tuesday night the shrill whistle of a steamer was heard above the roar of the waters. She had gone ashore off the Kansas avenue, but the Atlantic City life-saving crew were unable to assist her. The colored steward jumped overboard and was washed ashore dazed and confused. He has been drunk ever since, but a fire-bucket and water-cask washed ashore bear the name "Phileas," and it is thought that the people on board were lost in the wreck.

SCHOONERS AND SLOOPS LOST.
The schooners R. R. Leeds and Rebecca M. of Atlantic City, are reported lost, and the sloop Mary (Carhart, of Perth Amboy, is wrecked off Atlantic City, while the sail-boat Two Brothers and Anna Winget collided off the coast here and were badly broken.

CONY ISLAND RESPIRED.
Old Ocean refrains from further attacks—A Schooner Ashore.

No further serious damage has occurred on Coney Island since yesterday. The sea is not as heavy and the water has receded considerably.

A schooner is reported ashore below Manhattan Beach.

CYCLONE REIGNS PITILESS HERE.
As Terrible as Yesterday, and Sergt. Dunn Gives Us No Hope.

To-day the cyclone rages with as much severity in this city and neighborhood as it did yesterday and the day before, when it first appeared in all its power.

The predictions are that it will continue throughout to-day, and when seen by an EVENING WORLD reporter this morning Weather Clerk Dunn would not even hazard a guess as to whether it could get away by tomorrow or not.

The Signal-Service Bureau sent out no indications beyond the bare statement, "storm will continue to day."

Many people took comfort, however, from this positive assertion, as the Signal-Service predictions in cases of this kind are usually wrong.

GREAT FALL OF RAIN.
Mr. Dunn has no word of comfort to give, however. "The rain is increasing," he said, "and more fell last night and this morning than yesterday or the day before. The fall in this city and neighborhood has been 1.37 inches in the last twenty-four hours."

"It is raining," he continued, "all along the Atlantic coast from Norfolk to Washington, and the storm is just coming to the coast. It does not go into the interior at all. New York and vicinity have had more rain than any place else along the line."

32-MILE-AN-HOUR WIND.
"And the wind," he added, "is blowing through Block Island at the rate of fifty-two miles an hour, and at 2 o'clock this morning it traveled through this town at the rate of thirty-two miles an hour. It is increasing in force."

It goes in a northerly direction, except in the northeastern States, where it still blows to the northeast.

EVERYBODY ASKED FOR HELP.
Everybody about town looked blue, miserable and bedraggled this morning. Windows were shut tight in cars and street cars.

Broadway looked like a march of umbrellas, with rubber boots and coats swung from the handles.

RIVER FRONTS DROWNING.
The scenes along the river fronts were actually heart-rending to the New Yorker used to seeing nothing but side and back views of the city. It seemed as if everything was going to decay. True, loaded trucks rolled slowly along the street and business was being carried on in a half-hearted way, but the traffic was not half as brisk as usual.

The cellars along West and South streets were full of water. Some places were being bailed out, but others were not.

The rivers were practically deserted of craft, ferry-boats and noisy steam-tugs being about the only moving vessels to be seen.

The office of the day in the Standard Steamboat Company was closed tight, and the chances are the reason is over for them.

THE SCENE WAS A MOST PICTURESQUE ONE.
Over the island and the surrounding country seemed unharmed, dark and dreary like some unknown land.

Ships could be seen anchored here and there about the bay but could give no signs of life.

BY WHOM SLAIN?
Annie Leconey's Brutal Murder Still a Dark Mystery.

New York Detectives Summoned to Merchantville to Unravel It.

Growing Doubt of the Guilt of the Colored Farm Hand, Lingo.

SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.
MERCHANTVILLE, N. J., Sept. 12.—Two detectives from New York are on the way here, bound direct for the lonely farm-house two miles from Merchantville, where Miss Annie Leconey was so foully outraged and murdered last Monday morning.

They will make an effort to clear up the mystery surrounding the crime which the Camden County police and amateur detectives, eager as they are, have been unable to do.

Frank Lingo, the negro, at present in prison suspected of the murder, can never be convicted, unless some more substantial evidence than now exists against him can be found.

There is a growing conviction in the minds of police and people that he had no hand in the crime.

He is a man of bad character, though, and has spent at least one term in prison at Trenton.

His brother-in-law, John Atkins, another hard character, who was captured last Tuesday night, was arrested principally because he reported the murder first some distance away from the scene of the crime.

He has told Prosecutor Ridgeway that he left bed at 5 o'clock Monday morning, and after eating breakfast started for Merchantville to call on his sister.

At the Post-Office there he said he was informed by Dr. Bastine of the murder. Later, he met Mr. Foulks, John Willis, Henry Smith, and, as he admitted, he repeated the story to them, but swore he only imparted the information given to him by Dr. Bastine.

At the inquest held at the Camden Court House, Lingo O'Donnell, William Labaree and Chalkley Leconey, the uncle of the murdered girl, were called by Coroner Stanton on the statements of the first two to corroborate the same as published in THE EVENING WORLD yesterday.

Farmer Leconey is nearly broken down with grief.

He answered the Coroner's questions in a low voice, and the silence in the court-room was painful while he was testifying.

How long have you known Lingo?" he was asked.

"Since June the 20th last. He worked for me off and on since."

"Have you ever had any trouble with him?"

"Last Thursday he came late to work and I chided him for it. That is all."

"He worked that day, but did not come again, although I understood from my colored man, Garratt Murray, that he had seen Frank last Sunday, and that he would come to work on Monday."

"Lingo know where you kept your money?"

"He must have known."

"Did he know where Miss Leconey kept her money?"

"I don't know. I did not know myself. Lingo slept two nights in her bed, when it was so stormy to go home. She slept downstairs."

BROKER SAVIN'S FIX.
His Housekeeper Demands His Residence or \$27,500.

The Value of Her Services Since December, 1883.

Mr. Savin Says That She Has No Hold Upon Him.

SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.
Frank W. Savin, the broker, is once more in hot water. Proceedings have been commenced against him in the Supreme Court by Miss Anna Frances De Forest, his housekeeper.

Miss De Forest doesn't want much. In fact, she is real modest in her demands. She only wants a house and lot or its equivalent in cash, \$27,500.

The complainant says in her affidavit in the suit she has commenced that Mr. Savin engaged her as a companion and housekeeper in December, 1883.

No fixed sum was placed upon her services, but the understanding was that she was to receive such compensation as was adequate for her valuable services.

She says that Mr. Savin paid her no regular salary, but maintained her in luxury.

In 1886 she made a formal demand upon him for payment, and she declares that he agreed, in consideration of her remaining in his employ, to transfer the property named over to her.

She at once considered herself the possessor, and consequently when, on Aug. 2, Mr. Savin notified her that he could dispense with her services, she looked upon it as an attempt to dispossess her, and began proceedings to compel him to make a legal transfer of the property to her or to pay her its equivalent in cash.

Mr. Savin is well known on Wall street and on the exchanges. He has been a member since 1872, and has been the hero of a recent stock battle, in which he invariably defeated the story to them, but swore he only imparted the information given to him by Dr. Bastine.

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FIXING GUILT.
Henry S. Ives Looks Serious as the Ivance Accumulates.

His Lawyers Made to Bring the Books Into Court To-Day.

Bookkeeper Short, of the C. H. and D., Put on the Stand.

SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.
WASHINGTON, Sept. 12.—What becomes of Tanner now, and who will take his place? These are the questions since it is settled that the doughty Corporal is really out of the office in which he has cut such a lively figure during his brief occupancy.

It seems generally conceded that some place will be made for him, and two appointments have been discussed in this connection outside of the official circles, that of United States Marshal for the Southern District of New York and Register of the Treasury.

The first, it is said, Commissioner Tanner can have without any doubt.

As to the other office President Harrison is quoted as saying that he had no intention of removing Gen. Rosecrans.

It is said, however, that the President was ignorant until Tuesday of the fact that Gen. Rosecrans is drawing two salaries from the Government, one as Register of the Treasury and one as retired brigadier-general. The office of Marshal pays \$3,500 and that of Register \$4,000.

As to Tanner's successor in the Pension Office, Senator Hiseock is said to be pushing ex-Pension Agent Poole, of Syracuse, and ex-Gov. Foster, of Ohio, is said to have a candidate in the person of Gen. Charles Brown, of Cincinnati, while from another source comes the information that Maj. William Warner, Ordnance Chief of the Grand Army, has left Kansas City for Washington in response to a telegram from the President or the Secretary of the Interior, asking him if he would accept the appointment.

The retiring Commissioner is declared to have been at a little time to write a letter in which he should be seen to resign gracefully, good-naturedly and without loss of self-respect.

It is believed that several letters were drafted and the prospect was that one of them was very long, setting forth all the differences between Assistant Secretary Bussey and Mr. Tanner and answering serious charges made against the writer.

The production, which was finally delivered to the President shortly after midnight, was brief and strictly to the point.

PLACES FOR TANNER.
Will He Be Register of the Treasury or a U. S. Marshal?

Commander Warner, of the G. A. R., Mentioned for the Pension Office.

The Corporal's Trouble Over His Letter of Resignation.

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EXTRA
2 O'CLOCK.

KILLEN BEATEN.
Ex-Champion Joe McAuliffe Whips Him in the Seventh Round.

Excitement and Cries of "Foul" at the Ringside.

The Contest Not an Eventful One Until the Final Round.

SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.
SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 12.—Pat Killen, champion heavy-weight of the Northwest, who has a long record of knock-outs in short fights to his credit, is himself to-day a vanquished

hero of the ring, having been knocked out last night by Joe McAuliffe, ex-champion heavy-weight of the Pacific slope, in the rooms of the Golden Gate Athletic Club.

The fight was under Queensberry rules, for a purse of \$2,500.

McAuliffe weighed about two hundred and three pounds and was seconded by Paddy Ryan and Con Riordan.

Killen tipped the scales at 195 pounds. Prof. Anderson and Dave Campbell acted as his seconds.

The fight continued for six rounds and part of a seventh, as follows:

Round 1.—Both men feinted with their fists, but land-d short. Killen guarded himself well and McAuliffe found no opening. McAuliffe got in the first blow, a left hander on the ribs, and after some feinting a right hander on the jaw.

Round 2.—Exchanges were few, and they ended about the latter end of the round. McAuliffe landed a hard right hander on Pat's ear, and ending the round.

Round 3.—McAuliffe made two hard rushes, forcing Killen into his corner and promising him the end of the fight.

Round 4.—Little was done, both men sparing for an opening.

Round 5.—McAuliffe drove Killen into his corner, about ending him sharply. Killen returned with a rush, but McAuliffe clinched. The round ended with a blow that dazed Killen, but McAuliffe did not follow up his advantage.

Round 6.—McAuliffe drove Killen around the ring, guarding himself well meantime.

Round 7.—McAuliffe rushed Killen against the ropes, and the latter bent down, still clinging to the ropes.

While in this position McAuliffe gave him an upper cut with his left. Killen fell on his back, and immediately the room was in a tumult.

Killen's seconds and friends leaped to their feet with cries of "Foul!"

Killen remained on his knees till the ten seconds had expired. It was several minutes before order was restored, and the referee then decided that there had been no foul, that Killen was not down when McAuliffe struck him.

McAuliffe was thereupon declared the winner. He had been the only one to secure a knock-down blow and the only one to draw blood.

The fight brings some accessions to the laurels of McAuliffe, whose last defeat at the hands of Peter Jackson, the colored champion, was something of a surprise in sporting circles.

Cholera in Constantinople.
(BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.)
LONDON, Sept. 12.—There is unmistakable evidence of the appearance of cholera in Constantinople.

The case has heretofore appeared under the name of malignant dysentery.

In the same district, which has been prevalent in Smyrna and Beirut, and has followed the usual track of the cholera from the East.

Lawyer Newberger Acquitted.
The Grand Jury, after having fully investigated the complaint which John F. Newberger had made in a police court against Mr. David Newberger, acquiesced in his acquittal, in his having, as Newberger claims, taken an excessive license, dismissed the complaint and the entire proceedings against Mr. Newberger.

Three Years' Business Waiting.
(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
WASHINGTON, Sept. 12.—The Superior Court resumes its sessions on the second Monday in October. It will deal with about twelve hundred cases, awaiting it on the docket, or fully three years' work at the usual rate of speed.

Capts. McLaughlin and Carpenter Happy.
Capt. McLaughlin, of the Old clip station, and Capt. Carpenter, of the Oak station, are "feeling very well to-day, thank you," and the satisfied smile on each of their countenances betrays the amusement. They were charged on charges of allowing gambling houses to exist in their precincts, ordered by the Society for the Prevention of Crime, and last evening the charges were dismissed, after a vote of the Commissioners.

INON for the Blood.
INON for the Blood, 31-ep for the Nerve, Strength for the body, by using CAPTAIN'S IRON PILLS.